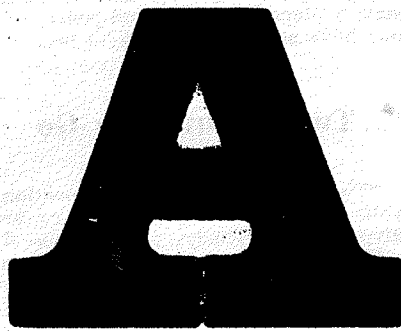


The ADIRONDACK EAGLE



Mid-Season Issue
August 1, 1945

THE ADIRONDACK EAGLE

Founded 1923

Published twice a season by the boys of Adirondack Camp,
Glenburnie-on-Lake George, New York

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

David Lindh

David Luria

SENIOR REPORTERS

Richard Bauer
Peter Kennedy
Frank Smith
Arthur Murphy
George Watkins
Bill Moore

Dean Alfange
Ned de Coppet
John Hamlin
John Cross
Jock Fiery
Dick Mestres

INTERMEDIATE REPORTERS

Max Geddes

Arthur Thomas

JUNIOR REPORTERS

Mike Dodge
Barton Thomas

George Jay
Arthur Held

Peter Hufstader

STAFF ADVISORS

Robert Edmondson

James Vaughn

The half-way mark has been reached, and life in the Camp has long since settled down to the normal flow of its multitudinous activities. The weeks have not been without their difficulties and problems; the surface of Camp life cannot be expected to remain as smooth and unruffled as that of the lake on a still evening. Indeed, no one would wish it to be, for it is the changes and variations in the aspect of the lake that give it continual interest and fascination. Sometimes the winds blow too strongly, and the rains come down too tempestuously, and boats break loose from their moorings, and cabin curtains flap, and the ground becomes muddy and unpleasant. But, sooner or later, (and this year more often sooner than later) the skies have cleared, the sun has shone, and all is comfortable again. And as our weather woes have been resolved, so too have our other troubles been repaired. Wartime raises many problems, and this year some are more acute than they have ever been. All things considered, we have managed extraordinarily well: we have had plenty of food, even including that rapidly vanishing variety, meat; transportation has been adequate; and the shortage of man-power has been somehow mastered. It is possible that the boys of Adirondack Camp realize neither the extent of these difficulties nor the pains which have been taken to deal with them, for the life of the Camp has proceeded on its way uninterrupted. After all, the main beauty of the Camp, its setting, remains as it has always been throughout the years of its life. The long vista of the lake, the sun sinking redly behind the smooth outline of the hills, the proud curve of Anthony's Nose, the green of the grass, and the stateliness of the trees — all these remain. There

are not many countries in this world to-day whose boys are able to enjoy such a place of beauty and peace, and our boys are indeed lucky to be here.

Two Minutes To Go

RICHARD BAUER

"Two minutes to go till inspection" yells Bart. Immediately orders are given by everybody, poker chips fly into their boxes, comic books are put in the trunks, and general pandemonium breaks loose.

Somebody grabs a broom and starts hastily to sweep. Beds are made in nothing flat, then they are thrown into the middle of the floors the sweeper moves down the cabin. Somebody else remembers the line and grabs all the wet bathing suits, towels and anything else around and makes a dash to the line. There he proceeds to throw everything on as neatly and quickly as possible.

By this time the inspection bugle has blown and everybody makes some last minute straightening. Then some boy discovers that his knees are dirty and remembers that he forgot to do his personal. Simultaneously the other boys remember that distressing fact. They all go to their canteens and pour water over themselves, doing a quick job of scrubbing at the same time. Now the dreaded moment is here.

"Are you ready?" asks the inspector.

"Yes sir" the O. D. replies meekly. Each moment seems like an hour when the inspector looks you over. Then he goes in the cabin and yells.

"This is awful. Take the first period and do it well."

The Junior Fort Ty Trip

MIKE DODGE

It started off in the truck when all the juniors piled into it and started off for the fort. About half way there Morgan Wheelock got sick. We took him back and once again started off for the fort.

When we reached the fort we all ate our lunch and went up to the coke stand and got our cokes. Then we went into the fort, Stan and Mr. Strange. Mr. Strange told us about the cannons. Then we went into the museum in one of the fort buildings. Stan explained the things we saw to us. When we left the museum we took one last look at the fort, then went into the store there and bought some souvenirs.

On the way back to camp, we stopped off at a dirt road and decided to explore it. So we got out of the truck and walked up into a little clearing. In the middle of the clearing was an old abandoned saw mill. We looked at it and found it very interesting. After that Stan cut down a birch tree and gave us all a strip of birch bark. Then we all went down the road, got back into the truck and started back to camp.

Blue - White Riflery

DEAN ALFANGE

Although riflery has always been one of the most popular activities, it has been handled so well this year by Capt. Schlossarack and Dave Healy that it has become more popular than ever. This accounts for the excitement that was at fever-pitch on the morning of July 21, when the first Blue-White rifle match of the year was scheduled.

In the seniors each team was made up of the five best shots on the respective teams. Each man shot two targets prone and one sitting. The Intermediates had four-man teams and each man also shot two targets prone and one sitting. The senior White team was Cross, Smith, Brownson, Homer and Alfange. The senior Blues had a seven man team and used a rotation system, changing the team every round. The men were Jones, Kirkbride, Lindh, Fullerton, Fiery, Wiedeman and Jennings. The highest score of the match was a 48 out of a possible 50 by John Cross. The highest sitting score was a 36 by Frank Smith. But this wasn't enough to offset the consistent shooting of the Blues who won 470-443. The highest total score was 108 made by Peter Fullerton. Dino Brownson was a close second with 107.

In the Intermediates however it was a different story. Though the Blues were slightly better shooting in the prone position, the Whites won solely on the merits of their sitting shooting. The score was 317-295. The best Intermediate score was a 40 by Storrs Bishop, whose 33 was also the best sitting score. His total score of 111 was the best of the day in both groups. Since the match was a draw the final outcome depends on a junior match to be held at a later date.

STAFF

Mrs. E. G. Brown
 Ralph L. Moore - - - Director
 Coy Hartman - - - Tennis
 Charles Sutherland
 Head of Senior Camp
 Stanley Clement, Sr.,
 Head of Intermediate Camp
 Head of Junior Camp
 Daniel Allen - - - Senior Camp
 Dolph Bartoli - - - Senior Camp
 Mrs. Mary Norris - - - Nurse
 Whitman Osgood - - Junior Camp
 Harold Richardson - Senior Camp
 Emil Schlossareck
 Intermediate Camp
 Charles Spicer - - - Junior Camp
 Edward Strange - Intermediate Camp
 Robert Sheeham - Intermediate Camp

JUNIOR STAFF

Stanley Clement, Jr. - Junior Camp
 David Healy - - - Intermediate Camp
 Gordon Hurst - - - Junior Camp
 James Tucker - - - Junior Camp

AIDES

Robert Edmondson - Craig Hurst
 Ralph Jones - Norman Richardson
 Dudley Smith - James Vaughn

Adirondack Camp**1945****SENIORS****Blues**

Wiedemann, Captain
 Fiery, Co-Captain
 De Coppet
 Fullerton
 Gilbert
 Jennings
 Jones, Rog.
 Kennedy
 Kirkbride
 Lindh
 Mestres, D.
 Murphy

Whites

Cross, J., Captain
 Alfange, Co-Captain
 Bauer
 Brownson
 De Graff, Ell.
 Harrison
 Homer
 Kennedy
 Platt
 Smith, F.
 Voukitchevitch
 Wagman
 Watkins

INTERMEDIATES**Blues**

Day, J., Captain
 Essaye, Co-Captain
 Burke
 Colt
 Creel
 Floyd-Jones
 Geddes
 Hurst, A.
 Mahler
 Spach
 Steuer
 Riggins
 Voorhees
 Mestres, L.

Whites

Brett, Captain
 Moore, B., Co-Captain
 Bishop
 Cross, M.
 De Graff, Eric
 Eisner, J.
 Gulian
 Hoag
 Le Favour
 Richardson, P.
 Thomas
 Van Drakestein
 Whitman, A.

JUNIORS**Blues**

Knott, Captain
 Miller, Co-Captain
 Fairback
 Hufstader
 Jay
 Lehman
 Parker
 Schiff
 Wheelock, M.
 Wheelock, W.

Whites

Dodge, Captain
 Moore, D., Co-Captain
 Eisner, E.
 Held
 Luria
 Stewart
 Stone
 Thomas, B.
 Whitman, J.

**The Junior Trip To
Fort Ty.****DAVID LURIA**

The juniors started off in the truck and went to the Fort in the morning. When we got there we looked at the French cannons, which instead of cannonballs were loaded with hornets' nests. After that we looked through the telescope, which cost ten cents, but I don't see why. Because all you have to do is operate the telescope and you will see your object.

Then we went into the dungeons, where it was very dark so we just looked around and left. After that we went into the museum and we saw lots of model soldiers. One of the models had an eye poked out. We went upstairs and saw the skeletons of humans and some animals. When we were finished we went into the big store and bought some souvenirs to remember Fort Ticonderoga.

After we had all we wanted my friend and I went over to the pottery stand, and there were lots and lots of pots there. There was a lady there but she wasn't the potter. She said that the man who made all the pots wasn't there. When we had asked her about the pots we joined the other boys in eating lunch, which was very good.

When we went home Stan Clement drove up to the place where the ferry should be to take us across Lake George. But it wasn't there so we went home on wheels.

**Sailing
DAN ALLEN**

Sailing this year got off to something less than a flying start since certain vital repairs had to be completed before the boats were ready for action. The Dinghie and Comet were varnished from stem to stern and after halyards had been spliced and missing turnbuckles were replaced by wire, both boats were launched and put into immediate service.

The next task was to get the camp's Redwing fitted out, which proved to be a task, for the boat had been in dry dock for three years. With the able assistance and enthusiastic cooperation of campers and staff alike, it was not long before this too was blithely sailing the clear, blue waters of Lake George. Among those who made themselves indispensable to this project were Mr. Moore, who finally secured the much needed air tank, Mrs. Moore, whose nimble fingers quickly patched the torn sail and Bill Didul, who made the battens for the same.

"But what of the races?" you may ask. Ah yes, the races. This is a subject which I reserved till last, because that, unfortunately is the position most occupied by our boats. With the exception of a first by our Dinghie and a third by our Comet in the July seventh races, the results have been pretty disappointing. There has been a tremendous amount of interest in the races this year by the campers, however, and the seniors who do most of the skippering, show signs of improvement. I offer no excuses, but merely say that the summer is far from over, and we still have hopes.

**The Senior Record Mt.
Trip****PETER KENNEDY**

At 9:45 on a hot sunny day the seniors, driven by Stan Clement and Bart started out to climb Record Mountain. It was very fast walking from camp to Glenburnie, but from there on it became harder and harder because we were climbing a very steep slope.

About half way up Stan told us two very interesting stories while we rested.

During the climb we had four rests because we were all tired from climbing the steep grade. These rests lasted five minutes after which we would start up again. When we reached the summit our efforts were rewarded by beautiful views of Lake George, Champlain, Rogers Slide, the camp and numerous other things.

The trip down was easier than climbing up, but it was still hard because you had to have your brakes on all the time.

The guests at Glenburnie could see small groups of boys coming down the mountain at 12:15. For their information that was we campers. The fastest group was made up of 2 of the boys. About a half hour later two more of the boys got down. An hour later the last group of boys arrived at the foot of the mountain.

Trip To Lake George Village

NED de COPPET

On July 6th Mr. Bartoli and the members of Senior Cabin 3 decided to take the Mohican down to Lake George Village. Jim Vaughn and Dan Allen also came along. At about 11:30 we took two rowboats across the lake to Msgr. Keegan's. From there we walked to Hague. We were told that the boat usually didn't stop at Hague on Monday, so we called up the night before and asked them to stop. But they still didn't stop. So there we were without any means to get to Lake George until we walked off the dock. There a man had just left a store and climbed into a big car. Bart asked him if he was going to the Village and if he would take some passengers. Getting affirmative answers for both we climbed in. After passing through Silver Bay and Bolton Landing we arrived at Lake George Village. The ten of us piled out of the car and after thanking the man for the ride started through the town. Then we all had a soda or something and spent the rest of the time before supper buying candy and comics and playing on a miniature golf course. We watched the Mohican come in and were a bit happy over the extra time we got by driving down. Then came supper. We went in a small restaurant and had a very delicious meal. After supper we had a little while before the bus left. We took the same road back to Hague. After we picked up our raincoats, we walked back to Friend's Point. We shoved off to camp and arrived here about ten o'clock. We really enjoyed the trip.

July Fourth at Camp

BARTON THOMAS

At ten o'clock on July 4th the Juniors boarded the truck and set out for Ti.

There we saw a small Fourth of July parade which was very nice. There were a couple of floats with soldiers on them. There were a few men marching and a couple of fire trucks. After the parade we went to the drugstore and spent fifteen cents each. Then we went back to camp.

After rest period we played comandos. There were two armies, the red and the black. The blacks won the game.

After supper we had a Fourth of July service. Some of the staff came out from the staff house dressed like the Spirit of '76. We marched around the ballfield with the drums and the fife playing Yankee Doodle.

A Fishing Trip

GEORGE JAY

One day I went on a fishing trip. I caught five fish in the same day, in a rowboat. It was a lot of fun. It took seven hours to catch that many fish. There were five bass. We ate them that morning.

Tennis

FRANK SMITH

This year tennis has started out under full swing under the direction of Coy Hartman and Wit Osgood in his absence. In senior camp the ladder has already been set but in Intermediate camp, owing to the shortage of tennis players no ladder was set up. The system used in the ladder is this: Mr. Hartman set up the ladder and the boys on it can challenge only the boy immediately above. This match must be played within 24 hours or the challenger wins by default. If the challenger wins he takes the place of the one he beats but if he loses he stays where he was. At the present John Wiedeman and Frank Smith are fighting it out for the lead. The one on top at the end of the year gets his name on the senior tennis cup.

At the end of the year there will be a Blue-White tennis match in both the Senior and Intermediate groups. Some of the better juniors will be placed with the Intermediates. From the looks of things now it looks like the competition will be very close but I'm sure the Whites will win in the end.

There has been remarkable improvement in many of the boys who, when they came to camp, had never played tennis before and our tennis instructors are doing a fine job with the newcomers.

Tennis this year is turning out to be a very popular sport. Almost every senior turned out for the tennis ladder and the one who wins will really deserve it.

Nature Movies

STAN CLEMENT

This year in our nature program we have added a new feature. To supplement nature hikes and expeditions we are having a nature movie night. Many of the films are with sound and in Kodachrome colors. The films seen so far are:

"The Heritage We Guard," "Why and how we should protect our wealth of soil, forest and wild life."

"Strange Doing In Beaver Land." A Canadian family becomes so tame that they build their house against the window of a lone Indian's cabin.

"Stalking Big Game." Hunting in the Canadian Rockies with a movie camera instead of a gun.

"The Cicado." The life cycle of a cicado or seventeen year locust.

"Stop Forest Fires." Fires take a toll of lives lost, game animals killed, lumber resources destroyed and in resultant floods.

"Big Game And The National Forest." The ragged terrain of the national forests provides space where antelope, moose, deer, elk, bighorn, and bison may live unmolested by men.

"Realm of the Bee." How bees live, gather nectar and pollen, how they "talk" to each other and why they swarm.

"Our Colorful World." Beauties of nature in Kodachrome.

Camp Quips

JOHN HAMLIN

What would happen if Georgy Jay found his left-handed monkey wrench?

Dudley Homer passed his pathfinder?

I. C. Burg stopped sending telegrams?

The bugling was ever good?

Dean Alfange passed his 100 yard swim test?

The waiters ever went to bed on time?

The window had been closed when Bob Sheen used the wrong plate for soup?

Who's Who

Muscle man — Alvah Miller

Camp mascot — Eureka

Wolf supreme — Dolph Bartoli

Card shark — Ralph Jones

Famous Quotes

Stan Jr. — Why wasn't I born rich instead of handsome?

Stan Sr. — Who's the most handsome man on the ball field and why am I?

The Trip Up

DAVID LINDH

It was very cloudy at 8:45, the morning of June 27th and many were turning over in their beds for another 40 winks. But in Grand Central many boys and girls were gathering. Opposite track 42 a group of old and new Adirondack campers were collecting. The boys had with them their lunch and magazines, and a few had suitcases. After about an hour Dinty formed the boys in a single line and led us down the track to the train. The train left and in no time we were rushing through the country along the Hudson. At 11 o'clock many boys were so hungry that they ate their lunch. Only a few saved theirs for later. Soon all the boys were trading comics and in a few hours we were in Albany. The train stopped here for a little while. By this time all the boys had their coats off and were trying to find a comic that they had not read. The train passed through Saratoga and in an hour was at Ticonderoga. Here we were transferred from the train to buses that took us quickly to Glenburnie. There we got out and started the walk over the trail to camp. On reaching the little peninsula on Lake George we found our cabins and prepared to take up residence for the next two months.

Intercabin Track meet

ARTHUR MURPHY

On July the seventh all the cabins in camp played an intercabin track meet. Whether Blue or White all the cabins stuck together. The different events were high jump, running broad jump, standing broad, walking race, 75 yard dash, mile relay and shot put.

The winners in senior class were cabin four, intermediate camp, cabin three, and in junior camp, cabin three.

Church Services

JOHN CROSS

Church services in camp have always been held in Mrs. Brown's cabin and this custom is being continued this year.

It makes the services even more impressive and enjoyable to view the beautiful scenery from the porch of the cabin.

In the first church service the solo was by David Hoag. The speaker was Mr. Moore who spoke on the seven points of a good camper. He also pointed out the different advantages of camp life and how we should learn to appreciate them.

The second week five of the campers sang one of the lesser known hymns. The talk was given by Mr. Sutherland. He spoke on prayer in general, and more especially on the little mental prayers in which you express your wishes.

In the third church service Mr. Hurst, a former camper, who now has three sons in camp, spoke on what camp was like when he was here. The talk was very interesting for we could compare the life at camp in his time and ours.

Mr. Clement, who spoke on the etiquette of an Indian, was the speaker on the fourth Sunday of camp. He showed us how we could take example from the Indian in our own daily manners. The soloist was again David Hoag.

The services so far have been most enjoyable and if they continue to be as good as they have in the past it will be a most enjoyable year.

The New Boy - Old Boy Baseball Game

ARTHUR THOMAS

The new boy-old boy baseball game was played early this summer. The new boys won by a 5-2 score. A few old boys volunteered to play for the new boys, because they were short of men. John Hamlin, an old boy, pitched a very good game for the new boys and he went the route. Brett, pitching for the old boys, was knocked out of the box early in the game. John Cross came on, doing a nice job of relief pitching. But Hamlin still held the old boys. Brett was the loser, Hamlin the winner.

Camp Adirondack A Poem In Pig Latin

DAVID LURIA

Hoay Ampcay dirondackaay
Ouyay reaa osay trongsay
nday inefay
Ouyay mellsay eryvay icenay
Ithway llaay hattay alsombay
inepay.
Ouryay ctivities reaa osay
uchmay unfay.
Aseball, ennistay, cheryaay
nday ramaticsdays.
Veneay wimmingsay nday
iferyray.
Osay ampcay dirondackaay ithway
Llaay ouryay ightmay,
Hattay ordway dirondackaay eans-
may ightfay.

Senior Fishing Trip

JOCK FIERY

It was a warm day and the sun was shining bright as a handful of boys were riding in the camp truck headed for Lake Champlain.

When we had gotten a little ways out of camp, Bart stopped the truck and said that we had forgotten the lunch and Jonesy. We finally got our lunch and reached Champlain.

At Champlain Stan Clement who was in charge of the trip got five boats and we were set. In the morning Cross's boat had most of the luck and they caught seventeen fish.

At twelve-thirty Stan signalled all the boats in and we ate the lunch. We were thankful then that Bart did remember the lunch for it tasted very good to the starved fishermen.

That afternoon our luck seemed to disappear for nobody caught over two fish. The only one who had any luck was Kibby Kirkbride who caught a two foot pickerel.

When we got on shore two of the boys were coming toward us with a five foot black snake, a mountain racer. We put it in a cardboard box and tied it to the back of the truck, because Stan wanted to bring it back to camp for nature.

When we had gone a little ways in the truck, the black snake stuck his head out of the box and attempted to crawl into the truck. Wiedeman hit him on the head with a fishing pole. This had effect for about five minutes but the snake made another attempt. This time a whack across the head didn't have any effect and the snake started into the truck. Jonesy, in the nick of time, kicked him on the head and out of the truck. The last we saw of it, the snake was skidding down the road.

Yes indeed, it was quite a fishing trip.

The Senior Soccer Game

NED de COPPET

On July 17 the senior Blue and White teams played a soccer match. After the eleven best players had been picked and positions were appointed by each captain, we started.

For the first half the Blues were going downhill and the Whites were going up. In this period the Blues gained several free kicks when the Whites touched the ball with their hands, but none did them any good. The Blues also kept the ball in the Whites territory about half the time. However the Whites scored a point to make the score one to nothing.

In the second half the teams changed sides and the Whites went downhill. This time the Whites kept the ball out of their territory most of the time. There were again free kicks for both sides but they didn't do any good. The Whites made the final goal in this half, making the score two to nothing in their favor. Both goals were made by Frankie Smith, the star of the day.

Awiskini

GEORGE WATKINS

This year Awiskini has gotten off to a good start. On the first Awiskini night there were only a few boys to be initiated. They were Arthur Hurst, David Lindh, Peter Richardson and George Watkins.

To be initiated these boys had to pass the new pathfinder test. These tests which make it easier for some boys and harder for others are: 1. Silence from immediately after lunch to after dinner; 2. Pass inspection without a point off for three days, not to lose your temper for three days or to eat except what is served in the mess hall for three days, and 3. Learn the camp song and the Doxology.

The second night Awiskini was in full swing. The games of skill and courage were started. The Intermediate braves played the belt game. There were a good many whacks but everybody suffered in silence. The senior braves played the cork game and Harold Jennings was the most blackened senior. The seniors also played two games of Mishimokua. The junior braves played the Beaver game.

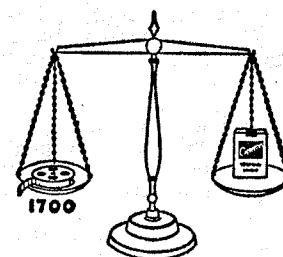
After the second Awiskini the Dog Soldiers found seven croaking crows who violated the silence of Awiskini. These seven were punished on the third night by the Gold Eagle Braves.

By now almost all the new boys have passed their pathfinder test and the test of pain, given by the Gold Eagle Braves and they have been made new members of the tribe.

A Campfire

MAX GEDDES

One night a few weeks ago we had a campfire. Of course there were no marshmallows so we just sang songs. Then Mr. Sutherland told us about Awiskini and the pathfinder test you had to pass. Before you passed this test you could not sit in the counsel ring or be a brave. Then we sang another song and went to bed.



A 100-foot roll of V-Mail
contains 1,700 individual
letters and occupies less space
than a pack of cigarettes.

Athletics

DOLPH BARTOLI

Sports on the ballfield have been developing very nicely. Many boys like a variation in athletics, which include Baseball, Basketball, Boxing, Volley Ball, and Soccer. In this year's group of boys there seems to be a great many promising athletes for years to come. Now that the Blue-White teams have been made up we can expect many close games in every field, especially baseball. John Hamlin's assistance on the ball field has been greatly appreciated by the boys. Every night he organizes games of "flys up", "two a cat", etc.

These games provide a lot of practice for the boys, and they help the development of the body. So remember, fellows, you're the ones who are really doing it. I'm just there to help you. Good luck to you, and I promise that if you try real hard you will be able to hit a homer for your team over the tennis courts. Work hard, play hard and pray hard. I'm sure you can make it.

Trip To Beaver Lodge

LURIA-HELD

The wise Owls of the Junior once went to a trip to Beaver Lodge (we think it should be skunk lodge), the night of the biggest thunder storm of the year. We went in boats and landed on the rock with a loud thump. When we got up the big, big, cliff, Mr. Spicer told us to go down again and help the other boys bring up their stuff. When that was finished we gathered around the fire and discovered that the flag on senior point was still up (tsk, tsk). After a while we went to bed in our silk pajamas (of course). Later in the night one of the boys got sick and a big storm was coming in fast. So we got back to camp about five minutes before the storm, around 2:30 A. M. In all it was a very unsuccessful night.

Senior Silver Bay Trip

DICK MESTRES

When we started off for Silver Bay it was quite windy and the waves were very high. We finally crossed the lake and into the shelter of the islands near Hague. The next step was to cross the bay there. With quite a bit of effort we did this and when we got to the other side we stopped. Here we rested for awhile and swam. The going from there on was much easier for we stayed close to shore.

We arrived at Silver Bay at about one o'clock. After we finished our lunch we went up to the general store where we bought ice cream and candy.

We were then informed that the famous Dr. Wassel was there and that we were going to speak to him. We spoke for about half an hour. He asked us about camp life and we asked him some questions about his experiences.

After that we set out for Hague and there we spent some more money. Then we returned to camp, having spent a very enjoyable day.

Lecture On Diamonds

BILL MOORE

On Friday, July 20th, Mrs. Hannaford, a representative of N. W. Ayer & Son Adv. Agency, of Philadelphia, came to camp and delivered a talk on diamonds and their uses.

First she showed some slides that she brought along, showing what the diamond goes through from start to finish, how they dig it out, how it is separated from the ground, how they sorted the diamonds, some for commercial use and others to be used as gems, and how they cut them.

After the slides were shown Mrs. Hannaford showed some tools that were used in the diamond business. She showed us models of some of the largest diamonds and models of the diamonds they were later cut into. Then she showed us some real and valuable gems.

Altogether this was a very interesting and out of the ordinary talk.

Junior Sports

PETER HUFSTADER

Well, to begin with, there are the Blue and the White teams. They play games and the team that wins gets a plaque with the name of the game they won. This is put under the Blue or White Eagle in the mess hall. The names of the captains are Marshall Dodge for the Whites and Davis Knott for the Blues. The few games already played in Junior camp give signs that the competition will be close. They play soccer, volley ball, dodge ball, baseball and tennis.

The Senior Black Mountain Trip

DAVID LINDH

Though the skies were a bit darkened and rain threatened on the morning of July 23rd, this was not enough to discourage twelve seniors and two counsellors from starting the Black Mountain trip. We loaded all our things at kitchen dock. Soon we were off to Huletts. Although we bucked a fairly heavy head wind we managed to reach Odels Island for lunch. After a short rest we started to Huletts, where we arrived an hour later. Here we fooled around for a bit while Bart and Mr. Sutherland bought some supplies. Then we had a long swim, after which we headed for our camping place on Nobel's Island. Here we had supper and went to bed.

The next morning after a delicious breakfast cooked by Bart, we started to Black Mountain, leaving three boys back to watch the camp. Arriving at Black Mountain we had a short dip and then started the long, hard pull. The day was hot and so were we when we reached the top. On the way up we encountered an embarrassing situation when we nearly ran into some ladies bathing naked in a stream. Mr. Sutherland avoided the near tragedy, by yelling fire in the ice box. After that we went on. The view from the top wasn't very good because it was a very misty day. We had some drinks and came down. Then we went back to our camp.

Open Letter From Willy Skunk

(Opened by the mouse in Mr. Strange's drawers)

Dear Mom,

Well here I am again, but this year "Sir Dinty" has given me a bunk under the staff house and I'm going to get a project coup for counting the caps from the pepsi-cola bottles the councilors and aides have piled up. I've been around all the camps and man oh man it's more fun to look up the knot holes in the floor when the kids are in "unsupervised" action.

Down at senior camp I almost put up a s-nnk about the way Dino tries to get away with murder. But the dog soldiers took care of him at Awiskini, or will, if he tries to swipe any more candy. Pee-wee Jennings is going to buy the camp when he cleans everybody out at monopoly. My pals Chip and Monk in Moose Lodge have uncovered a plot to build a bonfire under Homer's and Dizzy Dean's beds to get them up in the morning. But speaking of plots you should have heard what the intermediates have planned to trap the Blackshirts when they try to raid. They tried out one of their over door contraptions and almost knocked out one of the staff men coming in late at night.

I was up on stable duty and saw the kids jumping horses for the first time and I had to jump more than the horses to keep out of the way of the fat ones that kept flopping off their mounts. I tried sleeping under Cougar Lodge one night but between Mr. Healy's snoring and the messing around of Burke, Stewer and Mestres, I couldn't sleep a wink. Porky porkupine up at nature cabin tells me there's been a lot of traffic over the trail to Glenburnie, especially at night. But why anybody would want to hike that trail after dark Gitche Manitou only knows.

Barty Tary in Junior had to sleep in Big Lodge because he can't get out to wash house fast enough in the morning to clean his face for flag raising. Tarzan has taken down his altar, which he built behind his bed since he heard that the boys who go to Ty on Sunday can't buy anything but papers.

Well so long Mom and please send me some candy.

Love, Willy, the skunk.

The next day we all slept as long as we could and then loafed around the island all day, swimming, fooling around in the canoes, and lying around. That night a tremendous thunder storm awakened us at about 2:30 A. M. But nothing got wet and we were soon asleep again.

The next morning after breakfast we started back for camp. We found that again we had a stiff head wind. So after stopping at Huletts for awhile we made for the other side of the lake and the shelter of the points jutting out there. We stopped at Silver Bay for lunch. Then we went on and stopped at Hague for one last fling before arriving at camp about an hour later.

COMPLIMENTS OF
ROMEO CONTOIS

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

CONRON'S PHARMACY

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

CHEVROLET

OLDSMOBILE

CHARLES S. MOORE
SERVICE

Gas, Oil, Storage

Accessories, Repairing

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Champlain Valley
Dry Cleaners

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

RAY'S

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**TICONDEROGA NATIONAL
BANK**

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

KELLY'S BARBER SHOP

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

RILEY'S RESTAURANT

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

STATE THEATRE

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

HUESTIS HARDWARE

TICONDEROGA, N. Y.